

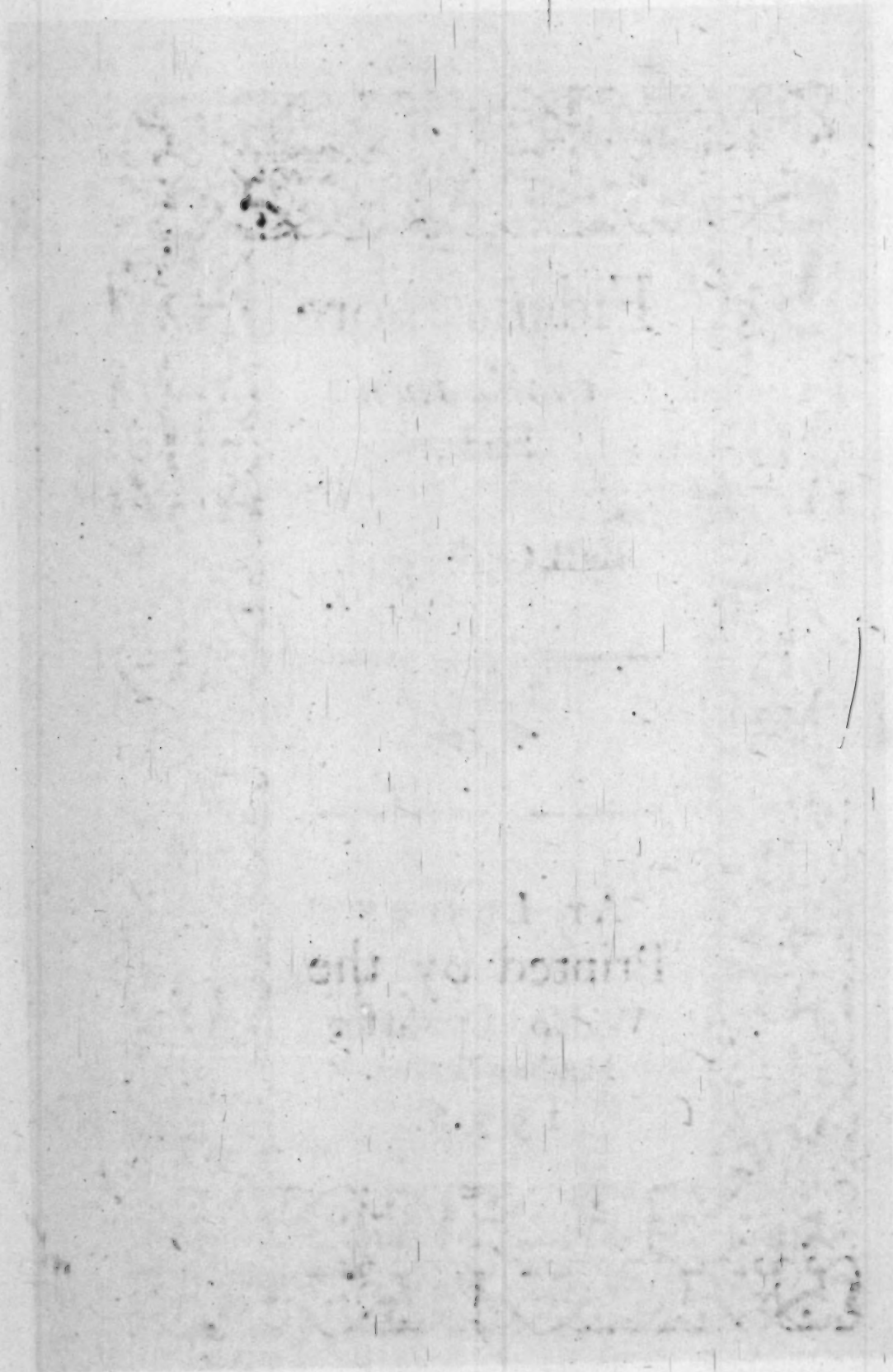
Fidessa, more
chaste then
kinde.

By B. Griffin, gent.



AT LONDON
Printed by the
Widdow Orwin, for
Matthew Lownes.

1596.



TO THE MOST
KINDE AND VERTV-

ous gentleman, M. William

Essex of Lanebourne, in the

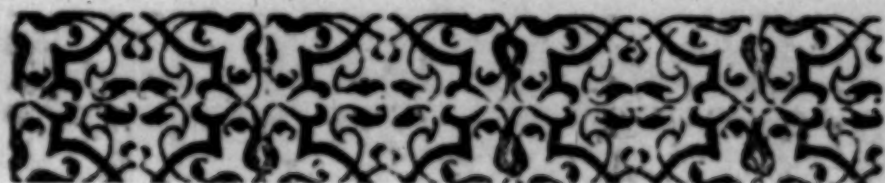
Countie of Barke

Esquire.

SIr, it may seeme strange that
I should be thus far bold to
make choyce of your selfe, a pa-
tron of so slender a work, (espe-
cially being so little knowne vn-
to you as I am:) but howsoeuer,
I protest what is done, procce-
deth from the vnfained loue I
beare vnto you, your owne de-

A 3

merit,




72 *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

merit, your friendes hope, & the
good reporte of all men. All
which, are lively-witnesses of
your loue to the Muses, your
grace with fortune, & your fame
with the worlde, quickened in
your birth, increased in your
trauailes, and liuing after death.
Daigne (sweete sir) to pardon
the matter, iudge fauorably of
the manner, and accept both: so
shall I euer rest yours in all dew-
tifull affection.

Yours euer,
B. Griffin.



TO THE GENTLEMEN
OF THE INNES OF
COVRT.

 Vrteous Gentlemen, it may please you intertaine with patience this poore pamphlet, vnworthy I confesse so worthy patronage, if I presume, I craue pardon: if offend, it is the first fruite of any my writings: if dislike, I can be but sorry. Sweete Gentlemen, censure mildly, as protectors of a poore stranger, iudge the best, as encouragers of a young beginner: So shall I make true report of your vnderferued fauours,

A 4

and



TO THE READER.

and you shall be your selues euer cur-
teous. In this hope (if promise may
goe for currant) I willingly make
the same vnto you of a Pastorall yet
vnfiniſhed, that my purpose was to
haue added (for varietie ſake) to
this little volume of Sonnets: the
next tearme you may expect it. In
the meane time I wholly relye on your
gentle acceptance.

Yours euer,

B. Griffin.

Faultes escaped, amena thus.

Sonnet 36. line 6. dele Be. Sonnet 30 l. 6. for Deligh-
teth nothing, reade Delight the nothing.





TO FIDESSA.

SONNET. 12

Fertur fortunam fortuna saue're ferenti.

Fidess faire, long little a happie maiden,
Blest from thy cradle by a worthe mother:
High-thoughted (like to her) with bountie laden,
Like pleasing grace affoording one and other.
Sweet modell of thy farre renowned Sire,
Hold backe a while thy euer-gising hand:
And though these fre pend lines do nought require,
For that they shew me at base Reward to stand:
Yet craue they more for that they begge the least,
(So Dumb is the message of my hidden griefe,
And store of speech by silence is increast,
Oh let me then purchase some reliefe.
Bounteous Fidess cannot be so cruell,
As for to make my heart her fancies fuell.

B

How

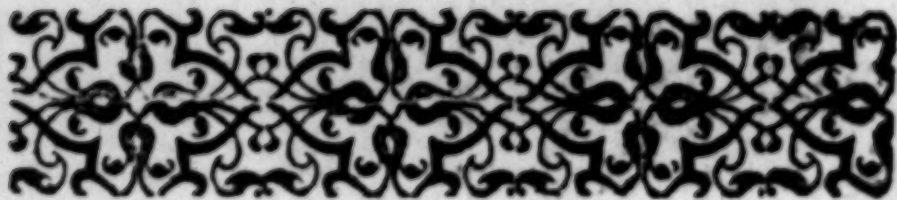




SONNET. *M.*

HOW can that piercing christall-painted eye,
That gaue the onset to my high-aspiring,
Yeelding each looke of mine a sweet repleve,
Adding new courage to my hearts desiring?
How can it shut it selfe within her Arke,
And keepe her selfe and me both from the light:
Making vs walke in al-misguiding darke,
Aye to remaine in confines of the night?
How is it that so little roome contains it,
(That guides the Orient, as the world the Sunne?)
Which once obscur'd, most bitterly complains it,
Because it knowes and rules what ere is done.
The reason is, that they may dread her sight,
Who doth both giue and take away their light.

Venus



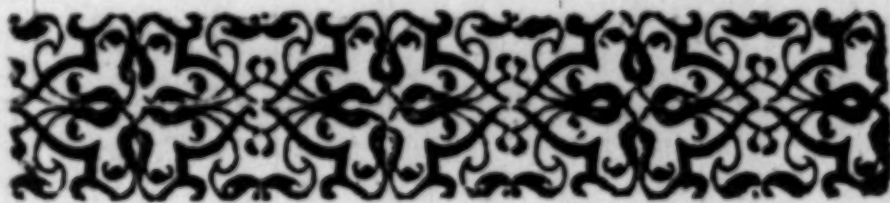


SONNET. III.

Venus, and yong Adonis sitting by her,
Vnder a Myrtle shade began to woo him:
She told the yong-ling how god Mars did trie her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
Euen thus (quoth she) the wanton god embrac'd me,
(And then she clasp'd Adonis in her armes)
Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god vnlac'd me,
As if the boy should vse like louing charmes.
But he a wayward boy refusde her offer,
And ran away, the beautilous Queene neglecting:
Shewing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex of cowardise detecting.
Oh that I had my mistris at that bay,
To kisse and clippe me till I ranne away!

B 2 .

Did





SONNET. VIII.

Did you sometimes three German brethren see
Rancor twixt two of them so raging rise,
That th'one could stick the other with his knife?
Now if the third assaulted chance to bee
By a fourth stranger, him set on the three:
Them two twixt whom afore was deadly strife,
Made one to robbe the stranger of his life.
Then doe you know our state as well as we,
Beautie and Chastitie with her were borne
Both at one birth, and vp with her did grow:
Beautie still foe to Chastitie was sworne,
And Chastitie sworne to be Beauties foe:
And yet when I lay siege vnto her heart,
Beautie and Chastitie both take her part.
Arraign'd





ASO MNET. OK.

A Raign'd poore captiue at the barre I stand,
The barre of Beautie, barre to all my ioyes,
And vp I hold my euer-trembling hand,
Wishing or life or death to end annoyes.
And when the Iudge doth question of the guilt,
And bids me speake, then sorrow shuns vp words:
Yea though he say, speake boldly what thou wilt,
Yet my confus'd affects no speech affords.
For why (alas) my passions haue no bound,
For feare of death that penetrates so nere:
And still one griefe another doth confound,
Yet doth a long way to speeche appeere.
Then (for I speake too late) the Iudge doth giue
His sentence that in prison shall I lye.

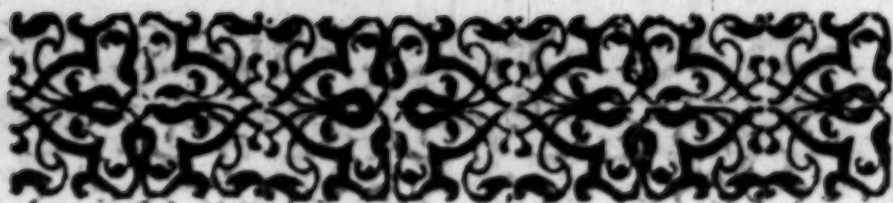




SONNET. VI.

VNhappie sentence, worst of worst of paines,
To lie in darksome silence out of ken:
Banisht from all that blisse the world containes,
And thrust from out the companies of men.
Vnhappie sentence, worse then worst of deaths,
Neuer to see *Fideffaes* louely face:
Oh better were I loose ten thousand breaths,
Then euer liue in such vnseene disgrace.
Vnhappie sentence, worse then paines of hell,
To liue in self-tormenting griefes alone:
Hauing my heart my prison and my cell,
And there consum'd, without reliefe to mone.
If that the sentence so vnhappie be,
Then what am I that gaue the same to me?

Oft





SONNET. VII.

O Ft haue mine eyes the Agents of mine heart,
(False traytor eyes conspiring my decay)
Pleaded for grace with dumbe and silent art,
Streaming foorth teares my sorrowes to allay.
Moning the wrong they doe vnto their Lord,
Forcing the cruell faire by meanes to yeeld:
Making her (gainst her will) some grace r'afoord,
And strining sore at length to winne the field.
Thus worke they meanes to feed my fainting hope,
And strengthened hope ads matter to each thought
Yet when they all come to their end and scope,
They doe but whollie bring poore me to nought.
She'l neuer yeeld, although they euer crye,
And therefore we must altogether dye.

B 4

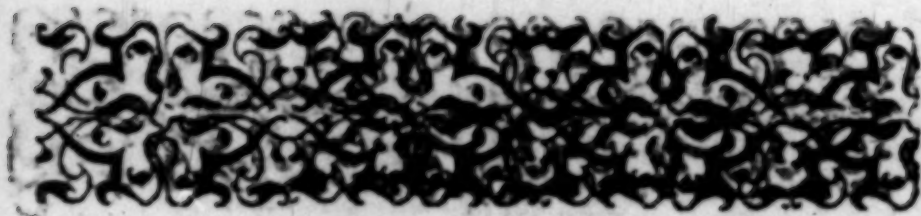
Griefe





SONNET. VIII.

Griefe vrging guest, great cause haue I to plaine me,
Yet hope perswading hope expecteth grace:
And saith none but my selfe shall euer paine me,
But griefe my hopes exceedeth in this case.
For still my fortune euer more doth crosse me,
By worse euents than euer I expected,
And here and there ten thousand wailes doth toss me
With sad remembrance of my time neglected:
These beeds in thoughts as sermy heart on fire,
And like fell hounds pursue me to the death,
Traitors vnto their Soueraigne Lord and Sire,
Vnkind exacters of their fathers breath,
Whom in their rage they shall no sooner kill,
Then they themselves themselves vnto spill.
My





SONNET. IX.

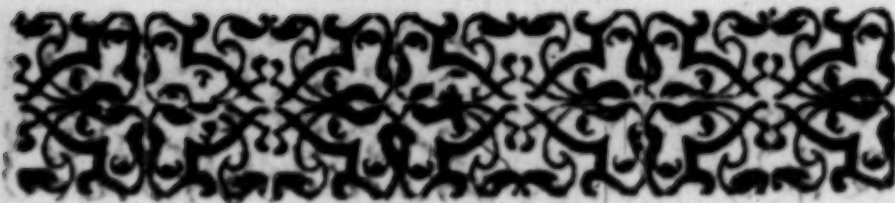
MY spoiles loue that neuer yet was tainted;
My ioyall heart that neuer can be moued;
My growing hope that neuer yet hath fainted;
My constancie that you full well haue proued:
All these consented haue to pleade for grace,
These all lye crying at the doore of Beauties
This wailes, this sends out teares, this cries apace;
All doe reward expect of faith and duties
Now either thou must proue thy vnkindest onely
And as thou fairest art, must cruellest be;
Or els with pittie yeold vnto their money
Their more that euer will importune thee;
Ah thou must be vnkind and giue deniall,
And I poore I must stand vnder my triall
Clip





SONNET. X.

CLip not sweet loue the wings of my desire,
Although it soare aloft and mount too hie:
But rather beare with me though I aspire:
For I haue wings to beare me to the skie.
What though I mount, there is no Sunne but thee?
And sith no other Sunne, why should I feare?
Thou wilt not burne me though thou terrific:
And though thy brightnes doe so great appeare,
Deere, I seeke not to batter downe thy glorie,
Nor doe I enuie that thy hope increaseth:
Oh neuer thinke thy fame doth make me sorrie,
For thou must liue by fame when beautie ceaseth.
Besides, since from one roote we both did spring,
Why should not I thy fame and beautie sing?
Wing'd





SONNET. XI.

Wing'd with sad woes, why doth faire *Zephire* blow
Vpon my face, (the map of discontent)
Is it to haue the weedes of sorrow grow
So long and thicke, that they will nere bee spent?
No fondling, no, it is to coole the fire,
Which hot desire within thy breast hath made:
Check him but once, and he will soone retire;
Oh but he sorrowes brought, which cannot fade.
The sorrowes that he brought he tooke from thee,
Which faire *Fidessa* spun, and thou must weare:
Yet hath she nothing done of crueltie,
But (for her sake) to trie what thou wilt beare.
Come sorrowes come, you are to me assignde,
Ile beare you all: it is *Fidessa's* minde.

Oh





SONNET. XII.

Oh if my heauenly sighes must proue annoy,
Which are the sweetest musicke to my heart:
Let it suffice I count them as my ioy,
Sweet or bitter ioy, and pleasant painfull smart.
For when my breast is clogg'd with thousand cares,
That my poore loaded heart is like to breake:
Then every sigh doth question how it fares,
Seeming to adde their strength: which makes me
Yet (for they friendly are) I entertaine them, (weake.
And they soo well are pleased with their boast
But I (had not *been*) ere now, had slaine them,
Let's for her cause they liue, in her they boast.
They promise helpe, but when they see her face,
They fainting yeeld, and dare not sue for grace.

Com-





SONNET. XLII.

Compare me to the child that plaies with fire,
Or to the flye that dyeth in the flame:
Or to the foolish boy that did aspire,
To touch the glorie of high heauens frame:
Compare me to *Leander* struggling in the waies,
Notable to attaine his safeties shore:
Or to the sicke that doe respect their graues,
Or to the captiue crying euer more:
Compare me to the weeping wounded Hart,
Mouing with teares the period of his life:
Or to the Bore that will not feele his smart,
When he is stricken with the butchers knife:
No man to these can fitly me compare,
These liue to dye: I dye to liue in care.
When

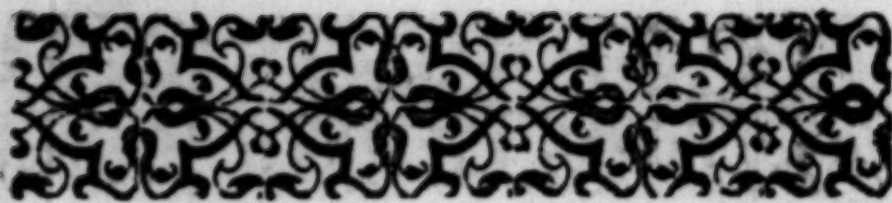




SONNET. XIII.

When silent sleepe had closed vp mine eyes,
My watchfull minde did then begin to muse:
A thousand pleasing thoughts did then arise,
That sought by sleights their master to abuse.
I saw (oh heavenly sight) *Fidess* face,
(And faire dame Nature blushing to behold it)
Now did she laugh, now winke, now smile apace,
She tooke me by the hand, and fast did hold it.
Sweetly her sweet bodie did she lay downe by me,
Alas poore wretch (quoth she) great is thy sorrow :
But thou shalt comfort find if thou wilt trie me,
I hope (sir boy) youle tell me newes to morrow.
With that away she went, and I did wake withall,
When (ah) my hony thoughts were turn'd to gall.

Care-





SONNET. XV.

CARE-charmer sleepe, sweet ease in restless miserie,
The captiues libertie, and his freedoms long:
Balme of the brused heart, mans chiefe felicitie,
Brother of quiet death, when life is too too long.
A Comedie it is, and now an Historie,
What is not sleepe vnto the feeble minde?
It easeth him that royles, and him that's sorrie:
It makes the deaffe to heare, to see the blinde.
Vngentle sleepe, thou helpest all but me,
For when I sleepe my soule is vexed most:
It is *Fidessa* that doth master thee,
If she approach (alas) thy power is lost.
But here she is: see how he runnes amaine,
I feare at night he will not come againe.

For





SONNET. XVI.

For I haue loued long, I craue rewarde;
Rewarde me not unkindlie: thinke on kindnes;
Kindnes becommeth those of high regarde:
Regard with clemencie a poore mans blindnes,
Blindnes prouokes to pittie when it crieth,
It crieth (give) deere Lady shew some pittie;
Pittie, or let him die that day lie dieth:
Dieth he not oft, who oft sings this dittie?
This dittie pleaseth me although it choke me,
Me thinkes dame Eccho weepeth at my moning,
Moning the woes, that to complaine prouoke me.
Prouoke me now no more, but heare my groning;
Groning both night and day doth teare my hart,
My hart doth know the cause, & triumphs in his smart.
Sweete



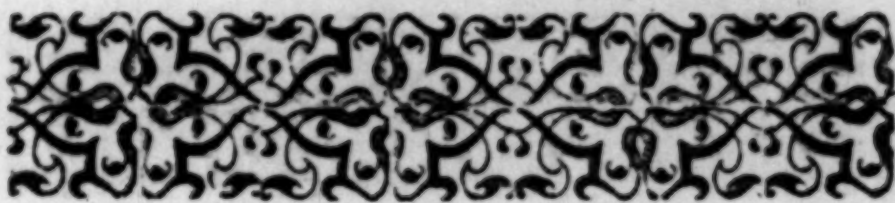


SONNET. XVII.

Sweet stroke (so might I thrive) as I must praise,
But sweeter hand that gives so sweet a stroke:
The Lute it selfe is sweetest, when she plaies,
But what heare I? a string through feare is broke.
The Lute doth shake, as if it were a fraide,
Oh sure some Goddesse holds it in her hand!
A heavenly power that oft hath me dismaide,
Yet such a power as doth in beautie stand.
Cease Lute, my ceaseles suite will nere be heard:
(Ah too hard-hearted she that will not heare it)
If I but thinke on ioy, my ioy is mard,
My grieve is great, yet ever must I beare it.
But loue twixt vs will proue a faithfull page,
And she will loue my sorrowes to assuage.

C

Oh

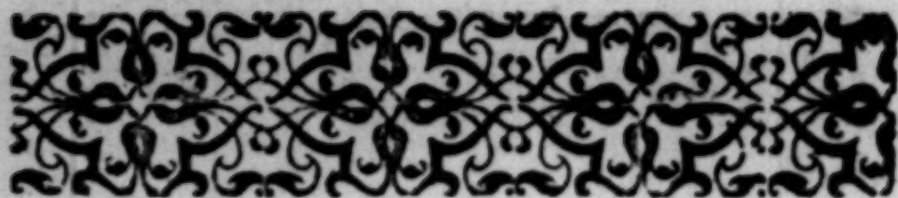




SONNET. XXVIII.

OH she must loue my sorrowes to assuage,
Oh God what ioy felt I when she did smile?
Whom killing griefe before did cause to rage,
(Beautie is able sorrow to beguile.)
Out traytor absence, thou doest hinder me,
And mak'st my Mistris often to forget:
Causing me raile vpon her crueltie,
Whil'st thou my suite iniuriously doest let.
Againe, her presence doth astonish me,
And strikes me dumbe, as if my sense were gone:
Oh is not this a strange perplexitie?
In presence, dumbe: she heares not absent mone.
Thus absent presence, present absence maketh,
That (hearing my poore suite) she it mistaketh.

My



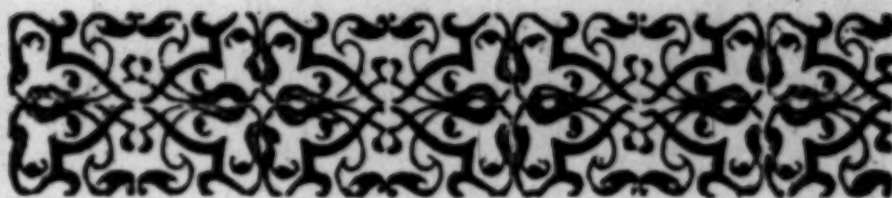


SONNET. XIX.

MY paine paints out my loue in dolefull verse,
The liuely glasse wherein she may behold it)
My verse her wrong to me doth still rehearse:
But so, as it lamenteth to vnfold it.
My selfe with ceaseles teares my harmes bewaile,
And her obdurate heart not to be moued:
Though long continued woes my senses faile,
And curse the day, the houre when first I loued.
She takes the glasse, wherein her selfe she sees
In bloudie colours cruelly depainted:
And her poore prisoner humbly on his knees,
Pleading for grace with heart that neuer fainted.
She breakes the glasse, (alas I cannot choose)
But grieue that I should so my labour loose.

C 2

Great





SONNET. XX.

Great is the ioy that no tongue can expresse,
Faire babe (new borne) how much doest thou de-
But what is mine so great? yea no whit lesse (light me?
So great, that of all woes it doth acquite me.
It's faire *Fidessa* that this comfort bringeth,
Who sorrie for the wrongs by her procured,
Delightfull tunes of loue of true loue singeth,
Wherewith her too-chast thoughts were nere inu-
She loues (she saith) but with a loue not blind, (red.
Her loue is counsaile that I should not loue,
But vpon vertues fixe a staied mind:
But what? this new coynd loue, loue doth reprove.
If this be loue of which you make such store,
Sweet, loue me lesse, that you may loue me more.

He



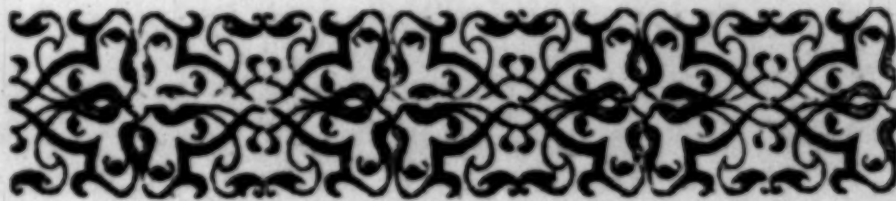


SONNET. XXI.

HE that will *Cesar* be, or els not be,
(Who can aspire to *Casars* bleeding fame?)
Must be of high resolute: but what is he
That thinkes to gaine a second *Casars* name.
Who ere he be that climes about his strength,
And climeth high, the greater is his fall:
For though he sit a while, we see at length
His slipperie place no firmnes hath at all.
Great is his bruse that falleth from on high,
This warneth me that I should not aspire:
Examples should preuaile: I care not I,
I perish must, or haue what I desire.
This humour doth with mine full well agree,
I must *Fidessaes* be, or els not be.

C 3

It

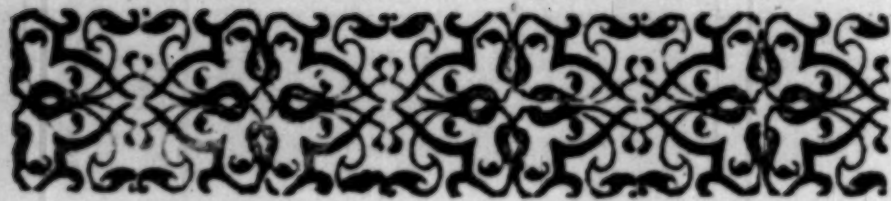




SONNET. XXII.

IT was of loue vngentle gentle boy,
That thou didst come and harbour in my brest:
Not of intent my body to destroy,
And haue my soule with restles cares opprest.
But sith thy loue doth turne vnto my paine,
Returne to *Greece* (sweete lad) where thou wast
Leaue me alone my griefes to entertaine, (borne:
If thou forsake mee, I am lesse forlorne.
Although alone, yet shall I finde more ease:
Then see thou hie thee hence, or I will chase thee:
Men highly wronged care not to displease:
My fortune hangs on thee, thou doest disgrace me.
Yet at thy farewell play a friendly part,
To make amends, flye to *Fidessaes* hart.

Flye





SONNET. XXIII.

Flye to her heart, houer about her heart,
With daintie kisses mollifie her heart:
Pierce with thy arrowes her obdurate heart,
With sweet allurements euer moue her heart.
At midday and at midnight touch her heart,
Be lurking closely, nestle about her heart:
With power, (thou art a god) command her heart,
Kindle thy coales of loue about her heart,
Yea euē into thy selfe transforme her heart.
Ah she must loue, be sure thou haue her heart,
And I must dye, if thou haue not her heart.
Thy bed (if thou rest well) must be her heart:
He hath the best part sure that hath the heart:
What haue I not, if I haue but her heart?

C 4

Striuing





SONNET. XXIIII.

STriuing is past, ah I must sinke and drowne,
And that in sight of long descried shore:
I cannot send for ayd vnto the towne,
All helpe is vaine, and I must dye therefore.
Then poore distressed caytiue, be resolued
To leaue this earthly dwelling fraught with care:
Cease will thy woes, thy corps in earth inuolued,
Thou dyest for her that will no helpe prepare.
Oh see: my case her selfe doth now behold,
The casement open is, she seemes to speake:
But she is gone: oh then I dare be bold,
And needs must say, she causde my heart to breake.
I dye before I drowne, oh heauie case,
It was because I saw my mistris face.

Com-

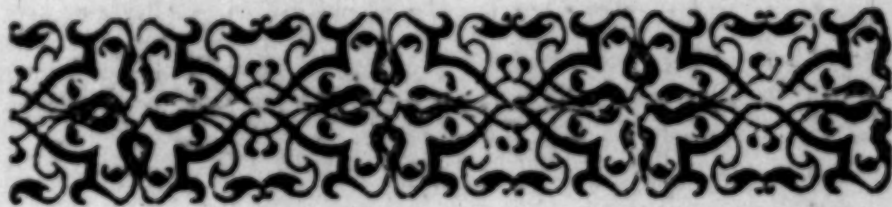




SONNET. XXV.

COMPARE me to *Pygmalion* with his image sotted,
For (as was he) euen so am I deceiued:
The shadow only is to me alotted,
The substance hath of substance me bereued.
Then poore and helples must I wander still,
In deepe laments to passe succeeding daies:
Weltring in woes that poore and mightie kill,
Oh who is mightie that so soone decaies!
The dread almightie hath appoynted so,
The finall period of all worldly things:
That as in time they come, so must they goe,
(Death common is to beggers and to kings)
But whither doe I runne beside my text?
I runne to death, for death must be the next.

The





SONNET. XXVI.

THE fillie bird that hafts vnto the net,
And flutters to and fro till she be taken,
Doth looke some foode or succour there to get,
But looseth life, so much is she mistaken,
The foolish flie that flieth to the flame,
With ceaseles houerling, and with restles flight,
Is burned straight to ashes in the same,
And findes her death, where was her most delight,
The proude aspiring boye that needes would prie
Into the secrets of the highest seate,
Had some conceite to gaine content thereby,
Or else his follie sure was wondrous great,
These did through follie perish all and die,
And (though I know it) euen so doe I.

Poore





SONNET. XXVII.

Poore worme, poore silly worme, (alas poore beast)
Feare makes thee hide thy head within the ground,
Because of creeping things thou art the least,
Yet euery foote giues thee thy mortall wound.
But I thy fellow worme am in worse state,
For thou thy Sunne enioyest, but I want mine:
I liue in irksome night: oh cruell fate!
My Sunne will neuer rise, nor euer shine.
Thus blind of light, mine eyes misguide my feete,
And balefull darknes makes me still afraide:
Men mocke me when I stumble in the streete,
And wonder how my yong sight so decaide.
Yet doe I ioy in this (euen when I fall)
That I shall see againe, and then see all.

Well

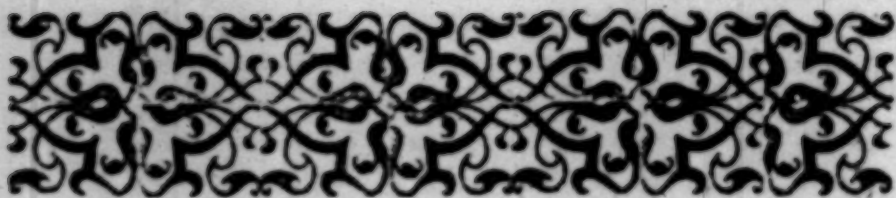




SONNET. XXVIII.

WELL may my soule immortall and diuine,
That is imprison'd in a lump of clay,
Breath out laments, vntill this bodie pine;
That from her takes her pleasures all away.
Pine then thou lothed prision of my life;
Vntoward subiect of the least aggrieuance,
Oh let me dye: mortalitie is rife,
Death comes by wounds, by sicknes, care, & chance
Oh earth, the time will come when i'le resume thee,
And in my bosome make thy resting place:
Then doe not vnto hardest sentence doome me,
Yeeld, yeeld betimes, I must and will haue grace.
Richly shalt thou be intomb'd, since for thy graue,
Fideffa, faire *Fideffa* thou shalt haue.

Earth





SONNET. XXIX.

Earth, take this earth wherein my spirits languish, (you:
Spirits, leaue this earth that doth in griefs retaine
Griefs, chase this earth, that it may fade with anguish,
Spirits, auoide these furies which doe paine you;
Oh leaue your lothsome prison, freedome gaine you,
Your essence is diuine, great is your power:
And yet you mone your wrongs & sore cōplaine you,
Hoping for ioye which fadeth euery howre.
Oh Spirits your prison loath, & freedome gaine you!
The destinies in deepe laments haue shut you
Of mortall hate, because they doe disdain you,
And yet of ioy that they in prison put you.
Earth, take this earth with thee to be inclosed:
Life is to me, and I to it opposed.

Weepe





SONNET. XXX.

WEepe now no more mine eyes, but be you drowned
In your own teares, so many yeares distilled:
And let her know that at them long hath frowned,
That you can weepe no more, although she willed.
This hap her crueltie hath her alotten,
Who whilom was commaundres of each part:
That now her proper griefes must be forgotten,
By those true outward signes of inward smart.
For how cā he that hath not one teare left him, (ning?)
Streame out those floodes that's due vnto her mo-
When both of eyes and teares she hath bereft him:
Oh yet i'le signifie my grieve with groning!
True sighes, true grones shall eccho in the ayre,
And say *Fideffa* (though most cruell) is most fayre.
Tongue

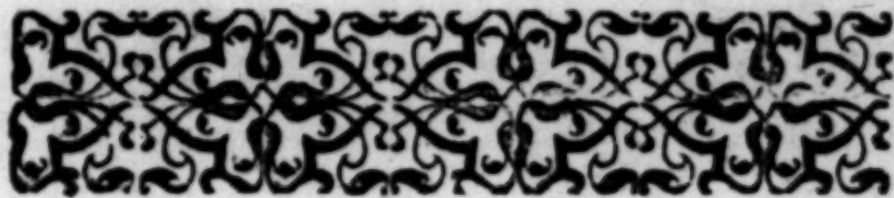




SONNET. XXXI.

Tongue neuer cease to sing *Fidesses* praise,
Heart (how euer she deserue) conceaue the best:
Eyes stand amaz'd to see her beauties raies,
Lippes steale one kisse and be for euer blest.
Hands touch that hand wherein your life is closed,
Brest locke vp fast in thee thy liues sole treasure,
Armes still imbrace and neuer be disclosed,
Feete runne to her without or pace or measure,
Tongue, hart, eyes, lipps, hands, brest, armes, feete,
Consent to doe true homage to your Queene:
Louelie, faire, gentle, wise, vertuous, sober, sweete,
Whose like shall neuer be; hath neuer beene,
Oh that I were all tongue her praise to show:
Then surelie my poore hart were freed from woe.

Sor





SONNET. XXXII.

Sore sicke of late, Nature her due would haue,
Great was my paine where still my mind did rest:
No hope but heauen, no comfort but my graue,
Which is of comforts both the last and least.
But on a sudden th' almightie sent
Sweet ease to the distresse and comfortlesse,
And gaue me longer time for to repent,
With health and strength the foes of feeblenes.
Yet I my health no sooner gan recouer,
But my old thoughts (though full of cares) retained,
Made me (as erst) become a wretched louer
Of her, that loue and louers aye disdained.
Then was my paine with ease of paine increased,
And I nere sicke vntill my sicknes ceased.

He





SONNET. XXXIII.

HE that would faine *Fideffaes* image see,
My face of force must be his looking glasse:
There is the portraide and her crueltie,
Which as a wonder through the world must passe.
But were I dead, she would not be betraide:
It's I that gainst my will shall make it knowne,
Her crueltie by me must be bewraide,
Or I must hide my head, and liue alone.
He plucke my siluer haire from out my head,
And wash away the wrinkles of my face:
Closely immur'd I'll liue as I were dead,
Before she suffer but the least disgrace.
How can I hide that is alreadie knowne?
I haue been scene, and haue no face but one.

D

Fie





SONNET. XXXIIII.

Fle pleasure fie, thou cloy'st me with delight!
(Sweet thoughts you kill me if you lower stray)
Oh many be the ioyes of one short night!
Tush fancies neuer can desire allay.
Happie vnhappie thoughts: I thinke and haue not
Pleasure: oh pleasing paine! Shewes nought auaille
Mine own cōceit doth glad me, more I craue not: (me.
Yet wanting substance, woe doth still assaile me.
„ Babies doe children please, and shadowes fooles:
„ Shewes haue deceiu'd the wisest many a time:
„ Euer to want our wish our courage cooles:
„ The ladder broken, t'is in vaine to clime.
But I must wish, and craue, and seeke, and clime,
It's hard if I obtaine not grace in time.

I





SONNET. XXXV

I Haue not spent the Aprill of my time,
The sweet of youth in plotting in the aire:
But doe at first aduenture seeke to clime,
Whil'ft flowers of blooming yeares are greene and
I am no leauing of al-withering age, (faire.
I haue not suffred many winter lowres:
I feele no storme, vnlesse my Loue doe rage,
And then in grieve I spend both daies and houres.
This yet doth comfort that my flower lasted,
Vntill it did approach my Sunne too neere:
And then (alas) vntimely was it blasted,
So soone as once thy beautie did appeare.
But after all, my comfort rests in this,
That for thy sake my youth decaied is.

D 2

Oh

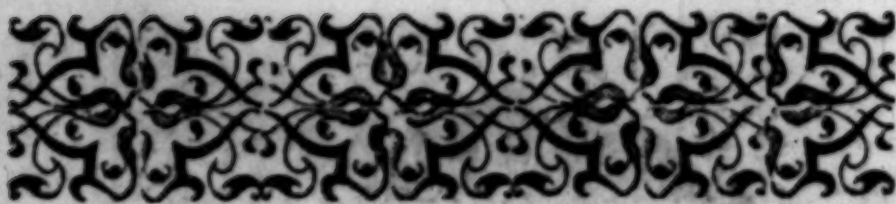




SONNET. XXXVI.

OH let my heart, my bodie and my tongue,
Bleed forth the liuely streames of faith vnfained:
Worship my saint the Gods and Saints among,
Praise and extoll her faire that me hath pained.
Oh let the smoake of my supprest desire
Be rak'd vp in ashes of my burning brest,
Breake out at length, and to the clowdes aspire,
Vrging the heauens t' affoord me rest.
But let my bodie naturally descend
Into the bowels of our common mother,
And to the very Center let it wend:
When it no lower can, her griefes to smother.
And yet when I so low doe buried lie,
Then shall my loue ascend ynto the skie.

Faire





SONNET. XXXVII.

Faire is my loue that feedes among the Lillies,
The Lillies growing in that pleasant garden,
Where Cupids mount that welbeloued hill is,
And where that little god himselfe is warden.
See where my Loue sits in the beds of spices,
Beset all round with Camphere, Myrrhe and Roses,
And interlac'd with curious deuices,
Which her from all the world apart incloses.
There doth she tune her Lute for her delight,
And with sweet musick makes the ground to moue,
Whil'st I (poore I) doe sit in heauie plighr,
Wayling alone my vnrespected loue,
Not daring rush into so rare a place,
That giues to her and she to it a grace.

D 3

Was

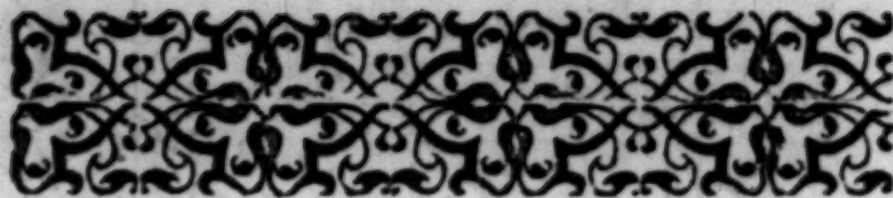




SONNET. XXXVIII.

WAs neuer eye did see my Mistris face,
Was neuer care did heare *Fidessæ's* tongue,
Was neuer mind that once did mind her grace,
That euer thought the trauaile to be long.
When her I see, no creature I behold,
So plainly say these aduocates of loue,
That now doe feare, and now to speake are bold,
Trembling apace, when they resolute to proue.
These strange effects doe shew a hidden power,
(A maiestie all base attempts reprocuring)
That glads or daunts as she doth laugh or lower,
Surely some goddesse harbours in their mouing:
Who thus my muse from base attempts hath raised,
Whom thus my muse beyond compare hath praised.

My



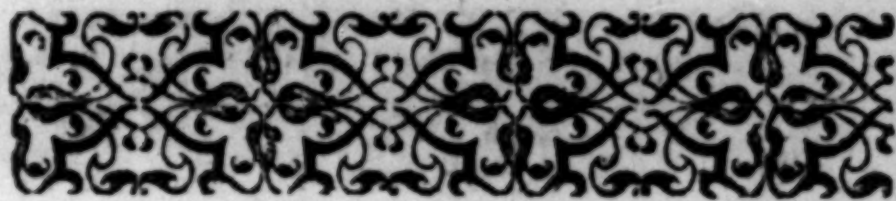


SONNET. XXXXIX.

MY Ladies haire is threeds of beaten gold,
Her front the purest Christall eye hath scene:
Her eyes the brightest starres the heauens hold,
Her cheekes red Roses, such as seld haue been:
Her pretie lips of red vermillion dye,
Her hand of yuorie the purest white:
Her blush *Aurora*, or the morning skye,
Her breast displaies two siluer fountaines bright,
The Spheares her voyce, her grace the Graces three,
Her bodie is the Saint that I adore,
Her smiles and fauours sweet as honey bee,
Her feete faire *Thetis* praiseth euermore.
But ah the worst and last is yet behind,
For of a Gryphon she doth beare the mind.

D 4

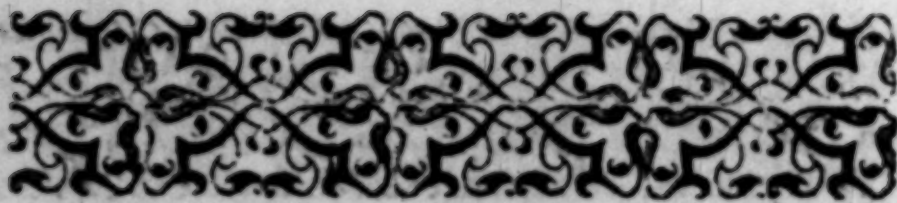
Iniuious





SONNET. XL.

INiurious fates to robbe me of my blisse,
And dispossesse my heart of all his hope:
You ought with iust reuenge to punish misse,
For vnto you the hearts of men are ope,
Iniuriou fates that hardned haue her hart,
Yet make her face to send out pleasing smiles:
And both are done but to increase my smart,
And intertaine my loue with falsed wiles.
Yet, being (when she smiles) surprisde with ioy,
I faine would languish in so sweet a paine:
Beseeching death my bodie to destroy,
Lest on the sudden she should frowne againe.
When men doe wish for death, fates haue no force,
But they (when men would liue) haue no remorse.
The





SONNET. XLI.

THE prison I am in is thy faire face,
Wherein my libertie inchained lyes:
My thoughts the bolts that hold me in the place,
My foode the pleasing lookes of thy faire eyes.
Deepe is the prison where I lye inclosed,
Strong are the bolts that in this cell contains me:
Sharpe is the foode necessitie imposed,
When hunger makes me feed on that which paines
Yet doe I loue, imbrace, and follow fast, (me.
That holds, that keepes, that discontents me most:
And list not breake, vnlock, or seeke to waste
The place, the bolts, the foode (though I be lost.)
Better in prison euer to remaine,
Then being out to suffer greater paine.

When

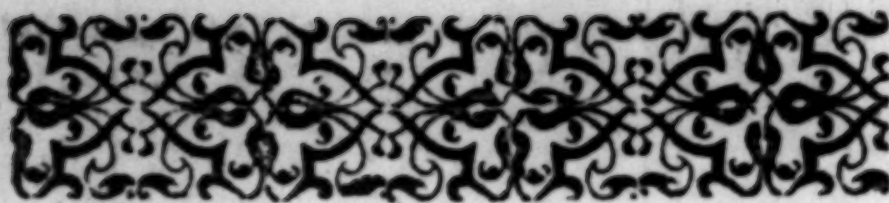




SONNET. XLII.

When neuer speaking silence proues a wonder,
When euer-flying fame at home remaineth,
When all-concealing night keepes darknes vnder,
When Men deuouring wrong, true glorie gaineth:
When Soule-tormenting grieffe agrees with ioy,
When *Lucifer* forerunnes the balefull night,
When *Venus* doth forsake her little boye,
When her vntoward boye obtaineth fight,
When *Sisyphus* doth cease to roule his stone,
When *Othello* shaketh off his heauie chaines:
When *Beautie* Queene of pleasure is alone,
When Loue and Vertue quiet peace disdaines.
When these shall be and I not be,
Then will *Fidei* pittie me.

Tell





SONNET. XLIII.

TEll me of loue sweete Loue who is thy fire,
Of if thou mortall or immortall be:
Some say thou art begotten by Desire,
Nourisht with hope, and fed with fantasie:
Ingendred by a heauenly goddesse eye,
Lurking most sweetely in an Angels face:
Others, that beautie thee doth deifie,
Oh Soueraigne beautie full of power and grace !
But I must be absurd all this denying,
Because the fayrest faire aliue nere knew thee:
Now *Cupid* comes thy godhead to the trying,
T'was she alone (such is her power) that slew me,
She shall be Loue, and thou a foolish boye,
Whose vertue proues thy power but a toye.

No





SONNET. XLIIII.

NO choice of change can euer change my minde,
Choiceles my choice the choicest choice aliue:
Wonder of women, were she not vnkinde,
The pitiles of pitie to depriue.
Yet she, the kindest creature of her kinde,
Accuseth me of selfe ingratitude:
And well she may, sith by good prooffe I finde
My selfe had dide, had she not helpfull stoode.
For when my sicknes had the vpper hand,
And death began to shew his awfull face;
She tooke great paines my paines for to withstand,
And easde my heart that was in heauie cace.
But cruell now she skorneth what it craueth:
Vnkind in kindnes, murdering while she saueth.

Mine





SONNET. XLV.

Mine eye bewrayes the secrets of my hart,
My heart vnfolde his grieve before her face:
Her face bewitching pleasure of my smart,
Daignes not one looke of mercie and of grace.
My guiltie eye of murder and of treason
(Friendly conspirator of my decay,
Dumbe eloquence the louers strongest reason)
Doth weepe it selfe for anger quite away,
And chooseth rather not to be, then bee
Disloyall, by too-well discharging dutie:
And being out, ioyes it no more can see
The sugred charmes of all deceiuing beautie,
But (for the other greedily doth eye it)
I pray you tell me what doe I get by it?

So

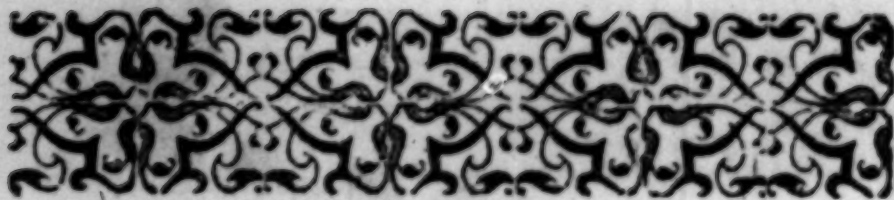




SONNET. XLVI.

SO soone as peeping Lucifer Auroraes starre,
The skie with golden perewigs doth spangle,
So soone as Phœbus giues vs light from farre
So soone as fowler doth the bird entangle,
Soone as the watchfull bird (clocke of the morne)
Giues intimation of the dayes appearing,
Soone as the iollie Hunter windes his horne
His speech & voyce with customes Eccho clearing,
Soone as the hungrie Lion seekes his praie,
In solitary range of pathles mountaines,
Soone as the passenger sets on his waie,
So soone as beastes resort vnto the fountaines:
So soone mine eyes their office are discharging,
And I my griefes with greater griefes inlarging.

I see

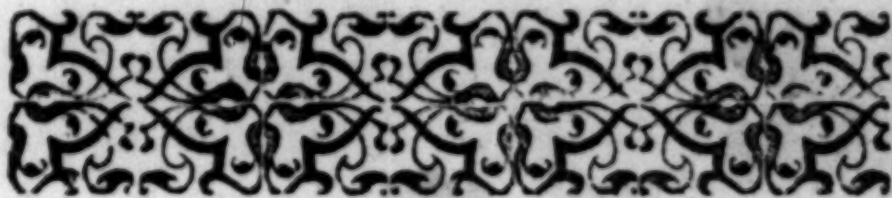




SONNET. XLVII.

I See, I heare, I feele, I know, I rue
My fate, my fame, my paine, my losse, my fall;
Mishap, reproach, disdain, a crowne, her hue,
Cruell still flying, false, faire, funerall
To crosse, to shame, bewitch, deceiue, and kill
My first proceedings in their flowring bloome.
My worthles pen fast chayned to my will,
My erring life through an vncertaine doome:
My thoughts that yet in lowlines doe mount,
My heart the subiect of her tyrannie,
What now remains but her seuer account
Of murthers crying guilt (foule butcherie.)
She was unhappie in her cradle breath,
That giuen was to be anothers death.

Murder

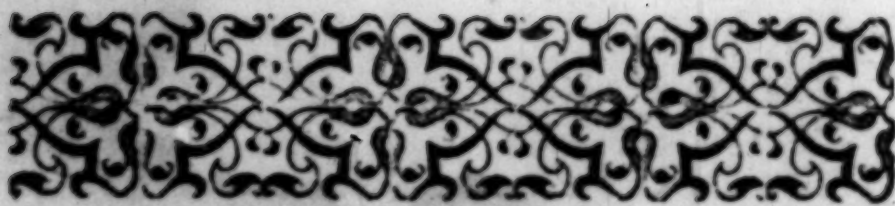




SONNET. XLVIII.

MVrder, oh murder! I can crie no longer,
Murder, oh murder! is there none to ayde me?
Life feeble is in force, death is much stronger:
Then let me dye that shame may not vpbrayd me.
Nothing is left me now but shame or death:
I feare she feareth not foule murthers guilt,
Nor doe I feare to loose a seruile breath,
I know my bloud was giuen to be spilt.
What is this life but maze of countles strayes,
The enemye of true felicitie:
Fitly compar'd to dreames, to flowers, to playes?
Oh life, no life to me but miserie!
Of shame or death if thou must one,
Make choice of death and both are gone.

My





SONNET. XLIX.

MY cruell fortunes clowded with a frowne,
Lurke in the bosome of eternall night:
My climbing thoughts are basely haled downe,
My best deuices proue but after-sight.
Poore outcast of the worlds exiled roome,
I liue in wildernes of deepe lament:
No hope reseru'd me but a hopeles tombe,
When fruitles life, and fruitfull woes are spent.
Shall Phœbus hinder little starres to shine,
Or loftie Cedar Muhrorne leaue to growe?
Sure mightie men at little ones repine,
The rich is to the poore a common foe.
Fideſſe seeing how the world doth goe,
Ioyneth with fortune in my ouerthrow.

E

When

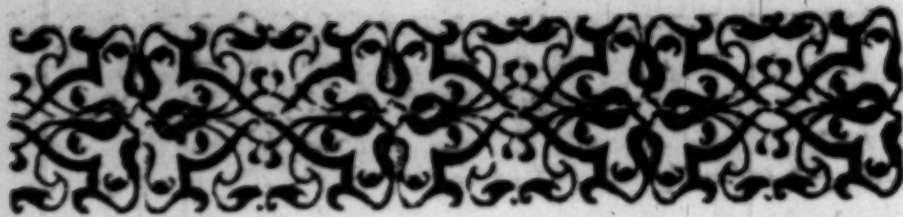




SONNET. L.

When I the hookes of pleasure first deuowred,
Which vndigested, threaten now to choke me,
Fortune on me her golden graces shewred,
Oh then delight did to delight prouoke me.
Delight, false instrument of my decay,
Delighteth nothing that doth all things moue,
Made me first wander from the perfect way,
And fast intangled me in the snares of loue.
Then my vnhappy happines (at first) began,
Happy, in that I lou'd the fayrest faire:
Vnhappily despise, a haples man
Thus ioy did triumph, triumph did despaire.
My conquest is which shall the conquest gaine:
Fideff a author both of ioy and paine.

Worke





SONNET. LI.

WOrke worke apace you blessed Sisters three,
In restles twining of my fatall threed:
Oh let your nimble hands at once agree,
To weaue it out, and cut it off with speed,
Then shall my vexed and tormented ghost
Haue quiet passage to the Elisian rest:
And sweetly ouer death and fortune boast,
In euerlasting triumphs with the blest.
But ah (too well I know) you haue conspired
A lingring death for him that lotheth life:
As if with woes he neuer could be tyred:
For this you hide your all-diuiding knife.
One comfort yet the heauens haue assign'd me,
That I must dye and leaue my griefes behind me.

E 2

It

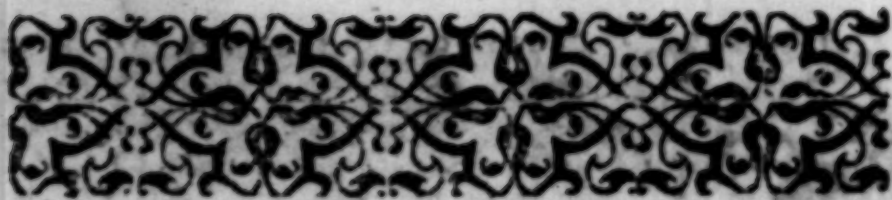




SQNNET. LH.

IT is some comfort to the wronged man,
The wronger of iniustice to vpbraide:
Iustly my selfe herein I comfort can,
And iustly call her an vngratefull maide.
Thus am I please to rid my selfe of crime,
And stop the mouth of all-reporting fame:
Counting my greatest crosse the losse of time,
And all my priuat griefe her publique shame.
Ah (but to speake a trueth) hence are my cares,
And in this comfort all discomfort resteth:
My harmes I cause (her scandale) vnawares,
Thus loue procures the thing that loue detesteth.
For he that viewes the glasses of my smart,
Must needs report she hath a flintie hart.

I





SONNET. LIII.

I Was a king of sweet content at least,
But now from out my kingdome banished:
I was chiefe guest at faire Dame pleasures feast,
But now I am for want of succour famished.
I was a Saint and heauen was my rest,
But now cast downe into the lowest hell:
Vile caytifes may not liue amongst the blest,
Nor blessed men mongst curled caytifes dwell.
Thus am I made an exile of a king,
Thus choice of meates to want of food is changed:
Thus heauens losse doth hellish torment bring:
Selfe crosses make me from my selfe estranged.
Yet am I still the same: but made another,
Then not the same: alas I am no other.

E 3

If





SONNET. LIII.

IF great *Apollo* offered as a dower
His burning throne to Beauties excellence:
If *Ioue* himselfe came in a golden shower
Downe to the earth to fetch faire *Io* thence:
If *Venus* in the curled locks were tied
Of proud *Adonis* not of gentle kind:
If *Tellus* for a shepheards fauour died,
(The fauour cruell loue to her assign'd)
If heauens winged Herraide *Hermes* had
His heart enchanted with a countie maide:
If poore *Pygmalion* were for beautie mad:
If gods and men haue all for beautie straide,
I am not then asham'd to be included
Mongst those that loue and be with loue deluded.

Oh





SONNET. LV.

OH no I dare not, oh I may not speake!
Yes, yes, I dare, I can, I must, I will:
Then heart powre forth thy plaints & do not break,
Let neuer fancie manly courage kill.
Intreate her mildly, words haue pleasing charmes,
Of force to moue the most obdurate heart
To take relenting pitie of my harmes,
And with vnfained teares to waile my smart.
Is she a stocke, a blocke, a stone, a flint?
Hath she nor eares to heare, nor eyes to see?
If so, my cries, my prayers, my teares shall stint.
Lord how can louers so bewitched bee!
I tooke her to be beauties Queene alone,
But now I see she is a senceles stone.

E 4

Is

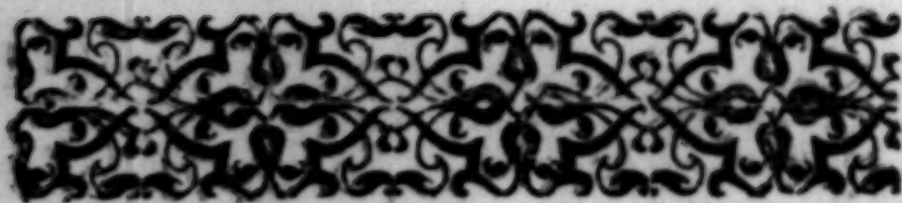




SONNET. LXI.

I Trust betraide, doth kindnes grow vnkind?
Can beaurie (both at once) giue life and kill?
Shall fortune alter the most constant mind?
Will reason yeeld vnto rebelling will?
Doth fancie purchase praise, and vertue shame?
May shew of goodnes lurke in treacherie?
Hath trueth vnto her selfe procured blame?
Must sacred Muses suffer miserie?
Are women woē to men, traps for their falles?
Differ their words, their deedes, their lookes, their
Haue louers euē been their tennis-balles? (liues?)
Be husbands fearefull of the chastest wiues?
All men doe these affirme, and so must I:
Vnlesse *Fides* giue to me the lye.

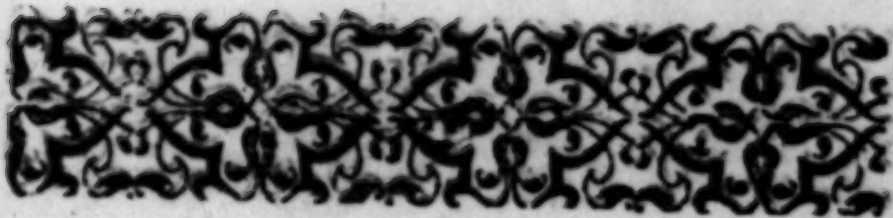
Three





SONNET. LVII.

THree play-fellowes (such three were neuer scene
In *Venus* court) vpon a summers day,
Met altogether on a pleasant greene,
Intending at some pretie game to play.
They *Dian*, *Cupid*, and *Fidessa* were:
Their wager, beautie, bow, and cruelties
The conquereſſe the ſtaks away did beare,
Whoe fortune then it was to winne all three.
Fidessa, which doth theſe as weapons vie,
To make the greateſt heart her will obey:
And yet the moſt obedient to reſuſe,
As hauing power poore louers to betray:
With theſe ſhe wounds, ſhe heales, giues life & death:
More power hath none that liues by mortall breath.
Oh

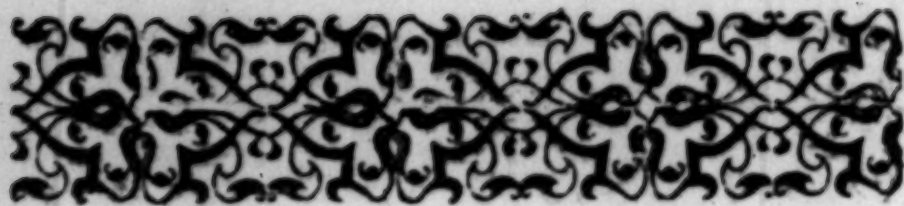




SONNET. LVIII.

OH beautie Syren, kept with *Cyrce's* rod:
The fairest good in seeme, but fowlest ill:
The sweetest plague ordain'd for man by God,
The pleasing subiect of presumptuous will:
Th'alluring obiect of vnstaied eyes,
Friended of all, but vnto all a foe:
The dearest thing that any creature buyes,
And vainest too: (it serues but for a shoe.)
In seeme a heauen, and yet from blisse exiling,
Paying for truest seruice, nought but paine:
Yong mens vndoing: yong and old beguiling,
Mans greatest losse, though thought his greatest
True, that all this with paine enough I proue: (gaine.
And yet most true, I will *Fides* loue.

Doe





SONNET. LIX.

Doe I vnto a cruell Tyger pray,
That praies on me as wolfe vpon the Lambes?
(Who feare the danger both of night and day,
And runne for succour to their tender dammes)
Yet will I pray (though she be euer cruell)
On bended knee, and with submissiue hart:
She is the fire, and I must be the fuell,
She must inflict, and I indure the smart.
She must, she shall, be mistris of her will,
And I (poore I) obedient to the same:
As fit to suffer death, as she to kill,
As readie to be blam'd, as she to blame.
And for I am the subiect of her ire,
All men shall know thereby my loue intire.

Oh

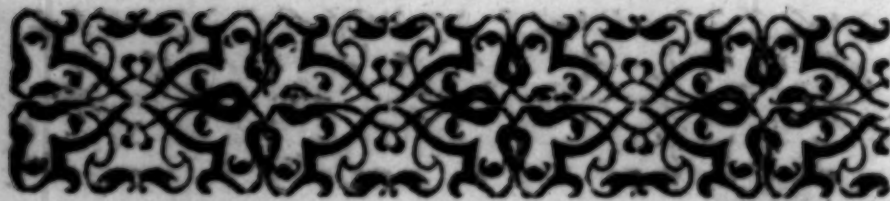




SONNET. LX.

OH let me sigh, weepe, waile, and crie no more,
Or let me sigh, weepe, waile, crie more and more:
Yea let me sigh, weepe, waile, crie euer-more:
For she doth pitie my complaints no more,
Then cruell Pagan, or the sauadge Moore:
But still doth adde vnto my torment's more,
Which grieuous are to me by so much more,
As she inflict's them, and doth wish them more.
Oh let thy mercie (merciles) be neuer more!
So shall sweet death to me be welcome more,
Then is to hungrie beasts the grasseie moore:
Ah she that to affliction ads yet more,
Becomes more cruell, by still adding more!
Wearie am I to speake of this word (more)
Yet neuer wearie she to plague me more.

Fideffaes





SONNET. LXI.

Fliffes worth in time begetteth praise,
Time praise, praise, fame, fame wonderment,
Wonder, fame, praise, time, her worth doe raise
To hiest pitch of dread astonishment.
Yet time in time her hardned heart bewraieth,
And praise it selfe her crueltie dispraiseth:
So that through praise (alas) her praise decaieeth,
And that (which makes it fall) her honor raiseth.
Most strange: yet true, so wonder wonder still,
And follow fast the wonder of these daies:
For well I know (all wonder to fulfill)
Her will at length vnto my will obaies.
Meane time let others praise her constancie,
And me attend vpon her clemencie.

Most





SONNET. LXII.

Most true that I must faire *Fideffa* loue,
Most true that faire *Fideffa* cannot loue.
Most true that I doe feele the paines of loue,
Most true that I am captiue vnto loue.
Most true that I deluded am with loue,
Most true that I doe find the sleights of loue.
Most true that nothing can procure her loue,
Most true that I must perish in my loue.
Most true that she contemnes the god of loue,
Most true that he is snared with her loue.
Most true that she would haue me cease to loue,
Most true that she her selfe alone is Loue.
Most true that though she hated I would loue,
Most true that dearest life shall end with loue.

FINIS. *B. Griffin.*

• *Talis apud tales, talis sub tempore tali:
Subque meo tali iudice, talis ero.*



